

# TALES FROM BIG CITIES

## Why Mr. Pokey Jones Is Not Sporting a New Suit

KANSAS CITY.—Meet Pokey Jones, forty, tall and overweight, an ordinary business man and common enough, perhaps, except he has some strange ideas. He prefers winter when it is summer and he likes summer when it is winter. He has a jolly laugh and pleasant smile. He is bald headed, wears glasses, reads ancient history and the daily news. He goes to church to keep from wiping the Sunday dishes. His heroes are Napoleon, George Washington and Francis X. Bushman.

Mr. Jones' family consists of his wife and a son, Pokey, Jr., who resembles his father at eight years of age. Father Jones has no motorcar, and for that reason he is not interested in good roads. He says he is more interested in good sidewalks. He enjoys motion pictures and he pays 17 cents for himself, 17 cents for his wife and 11 cents for Pokey, Jr., when he takes the family to see them.

Mr. Jones dropped into his favorite clothing store the other day to get a new spring suit. He looked at several that did not please him, but presently found one that did. The price and the color and the style and quality were to his liking. The salesman told him the price was \$30. Mrs. Jones was with Pokey. She wasn't so well pleased. There was some delay, and while the Joneses were conversing, the salesman, in closely examining the suit, found it was not a \$30 value, but a \$60 one.

He told Mr. and Mrs. Jones about it, and Mrs. Jones was glad because she knew she could fuss so much Pokey would not pay that much. Mr. Jones still was pleased with the suit and would have bought it, even though it was much higher priced than he had counted on paying. Mrs. Jones wouldn't allow it, so he gave up the idea.

The salesman brought forward many other \$30 suits, but they all looked cheap after seeing the \$60 one so that Pokey gave up. He told the salesman he had spoiled his taste for a suit and he guessed he would just let it go until next year.



## Finder of Rare Bug Has Vision of Great Riches

SAN FRANCISCO.—John W. Kehoe, who is making a fight in Superior Judge Edmund P. Morgan's court for half of the \$1,500 his wife, Esther Kehoe, has earned since their marriage in 1913, testified that he expects to be a rich man some day, for he has invented several things and has discovered a rare bug. He discovered the bug, he testified, while working in the United States laboratories.

"What's the bug good for?" demanded Judge Morgan. "It is a rare and, I presume, a valuable bug," said Kehoe. "I am working now to discover a use for it." Kehoe added that during his married life he had acted as housekeeper while his wife worked in a San Francisco store, where she earns \$200 a month. He said he did the cooking, the mending and the washing, except that he did not launder the linen after he had tried to and failed. His wife sent the linen to the laundry after that.

During the four years following his marriage, he said, he had worked 15 hours a day on his inventions, among which is one to "predetermine how many feet of film will be necessary to make a moving picture of any given subject." He has invented other moving-picture appliances, but told Judge Morgan that none of the producers would listen to him.

Kehoe testified that he had worked for a while as a magazine solicitor, but was so "temperamentally unfitted" for this work that he sold only four magazines. He also worked in a butcher shop at one time, and all he earned he contributed to the household expenses, holding out only enough for lunch and cigars.

Mrs. Kehoe wants a divorce on the ground of failure to provide.

## Probably Belongs to Academic 'Academic Anarchists'

NEW YORK.—Two men were talking about the war. To get it exactly straight, one man did the talking while the other played audience—in a car. "I tell you, old man, the anarchist is right. This war had to be; to kill off rulers and the titled class. When it is over you will see what a millennium looks like with the laboring man having his rights for the first time on earth. Fact is there will be no laboring man, because there will be no boss. Each will be free to help himself to the pleasures and leisure that are his due. As to all that bunk about the shelling of historic monuments—what use are they? When you come right down to it, what do we want with anything the past can give us when we have the future ahead? I wouldn't give a hill of beans for all the old masters and cathedrals you could make me a present of, except for the money they would bring. I'm a plain man with no frills, and I—sorry to have to get out here, but come around to my new place—here's my address—phone me any evening and I'll get in a couple of fellows for cards."

The man who had played audience chuckled over the card, and when, a bit later, he pressed a button, it was plain by the absentmindedness with which he let the thing fall that he had no intention of accepting the invitation. There are always prying people, who want to know more than the law allows—which means an apology for the woman in the seat behind for swiping the card—just for the fun of finding out by what name an anarchist defender, who despised the ancient landmarks of time, scorned ancestry and boasted his lack of frills, might "go by."

And to show also that a prying person may be generous in the sharing of knowledge, here is the card, except for its first name:

—Smythe, 3d.

## Proper Spirit Evined by Youthful Patriots

MINNEAPOLIS.—They have an insurgent school orchestra at the Margaret Fuller school. It is a democratic orchestra, on the plan of the old town meetings. There is a president and a secretary—they do not need a treasurer—and there are self-elected ruckboys to see that music racks are put in the proper places after rehearsal.

There are self-elected attendance officers, to see that old members come back and new ones are brought in. There are minutes, too, read gravely at the close of each meeting, minutes that sometimes frankly confess, "we didn't work very well today. There was some distraction."

The musicians are from nine to thirteen years old. There are 13 of them, and in their little self-governing club they have developed something of the spirit of Faneuil hall. They were given a new march the other day, to play in the hall at dismissal and assembly time, for the lines to march by. In the very middle of the first flourish somebody caught sight of its title. It was "Vienna Forever."

"We won't play that," announced small Robert Souders, spokesman for the group. Patriotic sensibilities are being carefully fostered in the schools these days, but there was the plan of the music supervisor to be considered. She had assigned the march.

"Wait till Miss Anderson comes," the principal advised. "We won't play 'Vienna Forever.' It's 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' that we want to play," the orchestra clamored when Miss Ruth Anderson, the director appeared.

But, alas for the Americanism of the "Insurgent 13," Sousa's marches have never been simplified for nine-year-olds. So what they are marching by now at the Margaret Fuller school is "The Flag of Truce."



# ETERNAL CITY UNDER SNOW



The Roman Forum Clad in Snow.

Imperial Rome clothed in ermine was the vision the vanishing year of 1917 gave to a surprised populace. The Eternal city mantled

in snow was the unusual and almost unheard of spectacle which greeted the Romans on the morning after Christmas, writes Alice Rohe in the Kansas City Star.

Those who woke to find the city chastened with its white vestments, lying peaceful and mysterious, felt the spell of the unusual and wondered if it could be a sign of peace.

Whatever private emotions surged through an astonished people, the ancient chroniclers announced that for the first time in thirty years a heavy snow storm had descended upon Rome. There are those who record more recent snow, but not of a similar heavy fall. And snowstorms in Rome, generally occur in January or February.

This time for three days snow fell upon the sleeping city and then disappeared with the sun's rays at noon. Not only the people regarded the phenomenon with wonderment, but the tram lines and telephone wires were so overcome by the strain that they refused to operate.

## City's Routine Upset.

The public conveyances were stunned into helplessness. Roman cab horses know nothing of snow and Roman cabbies are likewise afflicted. Consequently the intrepid pedestrians found themselves wading through deep slush by noon in a cabless town. The Piazza Colonna was, with the thawing, like a lake of sherbet across which a few venturesome scouts—generally foreigners—were wading.

In the forenoon a group of American boys from the aviation camp at Foggia—up for a holiday—hired a car to take a trip out the Appian Way—but the chauffeur, despite the protests and stronger arguments of the aviators, that a little dampness wouldn't hurt a machine, had to renounce the trip at the Catacombs. To such an extent had the unheard of snowfall

disturbed the ordinary routine of Roman life.

## Scene of Rare Beauty.

The beauty of the snow-covered city is a thing Romans will not forget. The panorama, from the Pincian Hill, itself carpeted with a 5-inch covering of white, its palm trees picturesque and curious sentinels in the winter setting, was incomparable. Saint Peter's dome, ermined, with the ball, a white world symbol, as ever dominated the picture. Nearer, the Pantheon, now white, shone in its new garment. Far away over white powdered roofs and terraces through twisted, irregular streets, rose the whitened Janiculum, the watchful figure of Garibaldi, mantled in snow.

From the ghostlike whiteness of the Palatine, an undisturbed shroud lay upon the campagna, in early morning, through which a specter-like Appian Way stretched toward the truly named Alban Hills.

In the heart of ancient Rome, the miracle of the snow brought umbrellas and overshoes out of American and English closets to go forth on wondering admirers thrilled by the startling transformation of Rome's antiquities.

## Forum Clad in Snow.

All the year round vines and plants grow in the Forum, while lizards sun themselves on the fallen columns. The Forum, snow covered, and covered for three days until noon, was a sight of which the young generation will boast of seeing "back in 1917, the third year of the war."

Up on the Capitoline Hill, the noble equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, rising from the center of the historic square, wore a new mantle of snow, while his horse was white with fresh and unforeseen trappings.

But like the snows of Villon—the Eternal city's ermine disappeared beneath sun and squads of street cleaners, among whom the now common sight of women "white wings" told of a wartime world.

## Value of Sense of Smell Proved in Discovery of the Substance Selenium

Have you an ambition to found a new science? Why not measure a smell? Can you tell whether one smell is just twice as strong as another? Can you measure the difference between one kind of smell and another? It is obvious that we have very many different kinds of smells, from the odor of violets down to asafetida, but until you can measure their likenesses and differences you can have no science of odor, writes Alexander Graham Bell in Youth's Companion.

In the first place we have to define an odor. Is it an emanation of material particles into the air or is it a form of vibration, like sound? If you can decide that question, you will have the starting point for an entirely new investigation. If odor is an emanation, it could be reflected from a mirror. Light and sound and heat can be reflected. I have even warmed my hands at the reflection of a fire in a mirror of polished metal.

That a cultivation of the sense of smell may be very valuable was proved in the discovery of the substance selenium. In experimenting with the waste products obtained in manufacturing sulphuric acid, a distinguished chemist noticed the characteristic smell of tellurium—an odor that has no counterpart on earth or in heaven. But the smell was the only indication of the presence of the substance; all the chemical reactions declared that there was no tellurium present in the powder. The chemist therefore concluded that, if no tellurium was present, there must be a new substance there, as yet undiscovered, which resembled tellurium. When he had extracted from the mass all the materials that he knew were present, he found a residue, which proved to be, as he had

suspected, a new elementary substance.

This new substance, which was named selenium, resembled black sealing wax in appearance. In its vitreous form it was a nonconductor of electricity, but when heated almost to the fusing point and allowed to cool very slowly it completely changed its appearance. It acquired a dull, metallic look, like lead; and in that, its crystalline condition, it was a conductor of electricity, but of extremely high resistance. A little pencil of crystalline selenium, not much more than an inch long, offered as much resistance to the passage of the electrical current as 96,000,000 miles of wire, enough to reach from here to the sun. Yet it was a conductor.

## Immense Concrete Bridge.

Plans are now practically completed for the construction in Stockholm of what is claimed will be the largest concrete bridge in the world. The new structure, which will join Ropsten and Herserud, will be called the Lidings bridge, after the island where Herserud is located, and will be 845 meters (2,772 feet) in length, with 52 arches supported by massive concrete columns 56 meters (183 feet) in length. The columns will be hollow, with an intersection of about 85 centimeters (34 inches). A few of the columns will be provided with concrete "rings," three meters (9.84 feet) in height, each "ring" having an expansion of about one meter (39 inches).

## Football in the Holy Land.

There is a desert football league now, and its "season" is in full swing. There is also a Sinai team—a regret to say at the bottom of the list. In towns with quite famous Biblical names you can hear now shouts of "Well played!" and "Off side!" I wonder what the Jebusites and the Perezites, the Hivites and the Hittites, and Amorites would think of it all, if they could hear it.—From the London Daily News.

## AS IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

Old Tudor Architecture of Town of Stratford-on-Avon Has Been Wonderfully Restored.

Americans, who in prewar days, delighted in visiting "Shakespeare's country," would find many changes there now.

Quietly and unostentatiously through the unwearying efforts of Marie Correll, the novelist, and a few who support her artistic tastes, these last three and a half years have disclosed the ancient mysteries of Stratford. Old houses, with plastered walls, which were eyesores to the visitors and residents alike, have been stripped of their outward ugliness, to reveal the quaint picturesque Tudor architecture of Shakespeare's time. Wherever it has been possible the early appearance of the buildings has been restored, and the effect has been a transformation and the restoration of the place as Shakespeare knew it.

The ancient "Sword of State" which hangs in Shakespeare's birthplace was removed from its scabbard in August, 1914, as an official notice that England was at war and the people say tradition forbids them to sheathe the old sword, carried by Shakespeare's father when he was high bailiff in 1568-9, until England is again at peace.

Once at least, since war was declared, Shakespeare's old home has given expression to its feeling of gratitude to Americans for the tributes they have been privileged to pay to it from time to time. That was when the United States entered the war. President Wilson's memorable message to the congress was proclaimed aloud. Many of the townfolk had almost despaired of the momentous event, and it appears there were only two American flags in Stratford at the time. One was a great banner owned by Miss Marie Correll and the other waving from the house of John Harvard's mother. Both were promptly hurried out into the breeze of the "garden spot of England," and thus America had again come into the hearts of Shakespeare's people.

## War as a Leveler.

With parents, limousines, chauffeurs, a new recruit arrived at the training camp, was registered, and assigned quarters. The chauffeur caught up the luggage. The officer held up a restraining hand. "Mr. So-and-So is now in the United States service; he will attend to his own luggage and find his own quarters." And thus, with no more aid or ceremony than a bricklayer would have received, the son of a man who could have bought the camp and all its appurtenances entered the American army. Not wealth, but what a man proves himself to be, places him as a soldier. Men start on the same level, save when they have had special training.

The work of the war in breaking down class distinctions and occasioning the mingling of classes on more democratic terms has often been noted abroad. The English, assistant has learned that Tommy Atkins possesses those virtues of honor, loyalty, courage, chivalry supposed to be instinctive through heredity in those of long and well bred descent. The great wind of the revolution blew a good deal of flunkysm out of France; the war is removing its vestiges.—Detroit Free Press.

## Sugar Beet Pulp for Cattle.

The desert cattle ranchers of Arizona and New Mexico have learned that to raise cattle is one business and to fatten them is another. For this reason they ship their cattle to California, where sugar beet pulp is obtained in abundance. One factory is located near the fields where the beets are grown. The cattle are turned into this field after the beets are harvested. Under the fence is placed a trough which projects outside of the fence just enough to allow the beet pulp to be thrown into it from the cars. The cars run on tracks from the factory to the field and follow the fences around the corral. More space is thus obtained for the beet cattle to feed, and there is but little waste of fodder. In these war days the cattlemen are learning to conserve stock food, as the cattle themselves are conserved for our use.—Popular Science Monthly.

## War and the Churches.

One hears much nowadays about the growing reunion of the churches which the war has brought about. But a dual service which recently took place is probably unique. Not far behind the lines two services were held simultaneously in the village church—the one being the usual Roman Catholic service attended by the inhabitants—while the other was a Protestant one for a battalion of Australians "resting" in the vicinity. The proceedings opened by the singing of a hymn by the Australians to music supplied by their own band. Then the French cure addressed his flock, after which it was the turn of the Protestants—and so on—each congregation taking it in turn until the service was concluded.—London Chronicle.

## New Light on Anarchism.

It was at our last meeting in Tiflis that the indomitable optimist threw new light on his anarchism. "Kropotkin, Reclus and myself were sitting together in London once, discussing our theories. We were taking a great deal of satisfaction in the thought that we were anarchists, who recognized no rights of coercive government."

"But," he added with a smile, "I said to them: 'There is one government before which we gladly bow and whose petty oppressions we willingly endure. You forget our wives.'—Maynard Owen Williams, in Christian Herald.

# WASHINGTON CITY SIDLIGHTS



## Chicken Thief Had Consideration for His Captor

WASHINGTON.—Cliff Lanham, chairman of local exemption board No. 5, had an exciting experience the other night, and the thoughts of the participants therein are herewith presented for future examination by psychoanalysts. Lanham was slumbering peacefully that morning. Awakened by a lighted candle, he listened with that intense one usually manifests on such occasions. His keen ear detected sounds out in the shed in his back yard.

Jumping out of bed, Cliff grabbed his trusty 32 howitzer and made downstairs for the kitchen door.

It was one of the cold nights, but Cliff plunged forth, regardless, pajamas and bare feet make for speed. He was into the shed before the thief was aware.

"Hands up!" cried Lanham, addressing his remarks to the dusky figure seen in the dusky shed.

But the dusky figure started to flee instead. So Lanham let go his revolver and grappled with the intruder.

Lanham soon had the fellow at his mercy and haled him out into the light of the moon.

"Now you come along with me," said Lanham.

And he marched the chicken thief out of the back yard and down the alley to the corner of Thirteenth and G streets southeast, where he put in a call for a patrol wagon.

While standing there on the corner, Lanham says, he kept thinking all the time just one big thought.

Finally he gave that thought voice. "Are you registered in the draft?" he asked the negro.

The captive shifted nervously. "No, boss, I am too young," he replied.

There was another long silence.

Now we investigate the train of thought of the colored man.

"Say, boss," that individual said, turning to Lanham.

"Well?" answered Lanham. "What do you want?"

The colored man looked down at the pavement. And then: "Boss, ain't yo' feet cold?"



## After All, What Was There for the "Jedge" to Do?

A BIG real estate man—"big" stands for business—called on an old tenant who was behind in her rent. He was welcomed with affable apologies and given an exceedingly rich promise of payment. "I has the rent, jedge, all but the las' dollah, an' as soon as I c'n riz it I'm a-comin' righter 'round—I cert'n'y is."

"Look here, aunty. I don't want to see you turned out in weather like this. I know how good you used to be to that old man of yours after he got crippled up—and what a lot of honest hard work you have done in your time—I wish I had as clean a record. Suppose I give you that dollah. Will you come to the office and pay up?"

Aunty was beamingly sure. So the "jedge" gave her the money—Lord love—and went his way. The next morning the old lady failed to show up. She was among those absent the day after. And the day after that. And on the morning after that a righteously wrathful "jedge" repeated his visit.

"Thought you were coming to pay that rent?" "Why, good mawnin', jedge! It cert'n'y is curus for you to come heah jes' as I was a steddin' 't' come 'round' 't' yoh office wif my rent money—I got it all 't'uther cepn' the las' dollah."

"Didn't I give you that dollah?" "Deed you did, jedge, honey. You cert'n'y did gimme that dollah—an' it come in mouty handy, too—if I hadn't had it when that ooman come stavin' in on me to pay her las' dollah I owed her for my ree-gale-rye I couldn't a-turned aut yesty with the Sisters of the Gallilean Fishmen an' rid in a hack. You c'n go to pahlor socials, any way you wants to, but when you rides to buryin's you got to weah a purple silk ap'n' boun' 'round' wif white an' a collah to match. The s'lety I b'longs to pays sick bene-fits an' 'sasses you evey' time you dies, so you c'n have a chuch' service wif fo' hacks free an' a wreath of any kinder flowers yo' mo'nbers calls for. But I got mah wash money comin' to me 't'night, an' if the madam pays me I cert'n'y am gwine take that dollah an' pay mah rent."

It isn't in the story what the "jedge" did, but as the old tenant kept her chimp of a house up in Blank alley one might guess.

## Peculiar Thrill Went With Shopping Expedition

A WOMAN in a raincoat was buying gloves. The customer next wore finery which implied a chauffeur at the curb. Both had umbrellas that fraternized, side by side, regardless of the abysmal canyon that divides mercerized rubber from seal—and both were buying gloves.

When her package was tucked under the coat with the weather, Raincoat went outside, raised her gloria, and—Down showered gloves, silk stockings, a nifty neckpiece and a silver-meshed bag.

You might suppose a showdown like that would have raised a mob, but there wasn't an Argus-eye in sight—thanks to the storm and to the fact that this is a true happening instead of dramatic fiction. So Raincoat fished up her sloppy loot, waded back to the store with the stuff held at arm-length to avoid the circumstantial-evidence appearance of what a soulless law calls being caught in the act, and went into executive session with a floor walker.

But the loot-lady who had planted her swag in the wrong cache had gone into the unknown and carried her freedom along. And that was all there was to it, except that Raincoat went home excitedly elated because for the first time in all her decades she had come in touch with crime.

## Remarkable Appetite Is That of Washington Rabbit

A NEW use for coal has been discovered by the janitor of a Washington apartment house. Whether notice of the discovery should be sent to Secretary McAdoo or to Herbert Hoover I leave to the reader to decide. This colored man feeds soft coal to his rabbit.

He became the possessor of a fat rabbit, and, having no other place to keep the little cousin to the kangaroo, decided to house the animal in the furnace room. Of course he gave it plenty to eat, and a tin cup of water to drink, but that rabbit developed a taste for coal that was amazing, the janitor tells me.

Sounds like a nature fake, I'll admit, but I saw that rabbit, and it sure did look as if it were eating the coal, and enjoying it. It is the dirtiest rabbit in the world, too. But, irrespective of the coal in its little inside, it is literally playing with fire, and is liable to meet its fate any day.

You see, the furnace is warm, and the rabbit wanders in through the draft door, every now and then, to investigate things.

Little does it know that any moment a cruel coal may drop upon its back. I told the janitor about it; but he said: "Deed, boss, dat rabbit eats fire, he do."

